

TEISA:  
A  
DESCRIPTIVE POEM  
OF THE  
RIVER TESE,  
Its TOWNS and ANTIQUITIES.

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By ANNE WILSON. *K*

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## T E I S A.

**F**AIR TEISA's winding stream invites my lays ;  
Assist, O Sylvan Muse! in TEISA's praise :  
What Muse assistance wou'd not gladly bring,  
Her beauteous banks, her silver streams to sing?

The virgin water from its marble bed, 5  
Fresh, airy, bubbling, lifts its chrystal head ;  
Far from corrupting man, her purer source  
Pursues thro' rugged rocks, its infant course :  
Where the wild heath its purple dye displays,  
As on the russet plain we wond'ring gaze, 10  
The wand'ring eye is lost in mists, that frown  
Suspended o'er th' extensive horizon :  
No living object, save the shrill curlew,  
Upon this awful height appears in view.

A Lake below this gloomy mount, behold ! 15  
Fair nurse of Trout, whose spots are red and gold.  
Thrice happy fish ! for Nature ever kind,  
A peaceful dwelling hath to you assign'd.

B

Nature

Nature, intent on sweet varieties,  
 By diff'rent scenes, the fancy tries to please : 20  
 See there a rock, with formidable head !  
 See here smooth TEISA in her humble bed !  
 A calm transparent Lake, like crystal clear,  
 Anon she does all hoary foam appear ;  
 As from the steepy height her waves she throws, 25  
 Impetuous ; and white as falling snows !  
 But soon from rock to rock they flow along,  
 Soft murm'ring as the poets vernal song.  
 The dauntless miners, men of nought afraid,  
 O'er this amazing cataract, have laid 30  
 A leafless trunk, torn up by furious winds,  
 From where the bog vast trees collected binds :  
 They venture o'er this roaring Sylla's head,  
 And, bold as mariners, no perils dread.

Now gentle May to TEISA joins her stream, 35  
 Rocks rough, angular, form a varied scene ;  
 'Till the united floods again divide,  
 Like a bashful virgin, May seeks to hide  
 Her silver stream ; a cave the stream receives ;  
 Thro' which, the warm poetic mind believes, 40  
 She goes, Eridanu's blest flood to greet,  
 To shine a star, and wash fair Venus' feet.  
 While TEISA mournful, like deserted friends  
 'Mongst list'ning rocks, her plaints far distant sends.

The

The shepherds leave their flocks to hear her moan, 45  
While solitary thus she runs alone.

We next a beauteous cataract espy,  
Amaz'd where wonder lends her eager eye:  
For vast thy height, and rapid is thy course;  
From rock sublime, O justly call'd, High Force! 50  
Nature has sure exhausted here her store,  
She scarce can add a single beauty more.  
From this stupend'ous height, the streams that flow,  
Are swiftly chang'd to flakes of falling snow;  
As down its ragged sides, they pour along, 55  
Light airy vehicles push each other on:  
Time's striking picture, here, methinks, I view;  
Ye swollen spheres! he marches on like you;  
Bubbles push bubbles, minutes minutes on,  
And all, at last, is one promiscuous throng: 60  
Ye hasten to salute your parent sea,  
And time to meet with round Eternity.  
With pleasure here my wond'ring eye cou'd dwell,  
While these exhaustless scenes, my Muse should tell,  
And all the beauties of this vast cascade: 65  
But artful peasants, lo! a bridge have made;  
Whose novelty diverts the wand'ring eye:  
Across the flood, from rocks immensely high,  
See two strong iron chains their length extend;  
On these rebounding links some boards depend, 70  
And



And make a dancing bridge, where peasants go,  
 Regardless of th' amazing depth below!

Let not the citizen polite, disdain  
 These peasants, who, each useful art maintain:  
 Each people to their place kind nature suits, 75  
 Superintendent o'er her works deposes:  
 These humble people, who inhabit here,  
 Have minds, we see, capacious, and as clear  
 As ye, the great, who lordship o'er them claim:  
 O when ye take from these a master's name, 80  
 Do not their honest labour ill requite;  
 Let not the Sun withdraw his sacred light,  
 Ere you the wages of industry pay;  
 For you they drudge throughout the weary day;  
 For you, what perils here they undergo, 85  
 By delving in the dreary mines below:  
 Oft has the patient miner in the morn,  
 Left a beloved wife, and babes at home;  
 Happy in the thoughts of returning eve,  
 But fate, alas! does each warm hope deceive; 90  
 Perhaps, he, by some vapour lost his breath,  
 His wife and helpless infants mourn'd his death.

Fondly a rural swain once bad adieu  
 To his lov'd Daphne, thinking to renew  
 His visit, when the weary day was done, 95  
 But he, alas! again ne'er saw the sun;  
 Tho'

Tho' whistling blith, he left the chearful day,  
 As he descended down the dreary way;  
 When lo! the subterraneous arch soon fell;  
 Scarce can the muse the mournful story tell: 100  
 The fondest lover dead—the frantic maid,  
 Whose ev'ry comfort, now in earth was laid,  
 With dreadful shrieks receives the dismal news,  
 And then her lover's fatal path pursues;  
 Where kind persuasion can her scarce restrain, 105  
 Her grave from seeking headlong to obtain,  
 In the same fatal pit, which oh! detains  
 Her late beloved Damon's cold remains:  
 Many a day his kind companions spend,  
 In weary searches, for their valued friend; 110  
 At length, with melancholy joy, they find  
 His breathless corse, deserted of the mind;  
 His Daphne swooned at the mournful sight,  
 And, when returning from the shades of night,  
 She kiss'd his lips, those lips that used to tell 115  
 Sweet pleasing tales, tho' cou'd not bid farewell:  
 His lifeless eyes she kiss'd, those eyes where she  
 Unutterable things could ever see:  
 His clay cold hands, between her own she prest,  
 And thus the feelings of her heart express: 120  
 Ah! youth for ever dear, for ever kind!  
 Ah! how thou cou'd'st console my racked mind!  
 Cheer'd with thy looks, the labour of the day,  
 By me unheeded, sweetly pass'd away:

Toil lost its force when thou, my love, was by; 125  
 Thy stronger arm still ready to apply,  
 When mine unequal to the task was found;  
 As we were wont in yonder heathish ground,  
 To dig out fuel, for the winter keen;  
 Ah me! how wou'dst thou then with looks serene, 130  
 Still something sweetly pleasing to me say,  
 Stopping thy spade, for ever sprightly gay;  
 Tho' on the dreary mountain's brow our toil,  
 Thou wou'dst with rapture bless the happy foil.  
 But all, alas! is colour'd now with woe; 135  
 A youth so kind, no maiden e'er did know.  
 His lifeless hands, with tears she straight bedews,  
 And her wild plaints, she then again renews:  
 Till piteous heav'n, oh kindly! to her gave  
 Her wish to die; so in the friendly grave 140  
 This constant pair, now undivided rest;  
 Their souls fly up, and mingle with the blest.

See! bounding o'er the russet lawn, appear  
 The sportive tribe, who no fatigue will fear;  
 See, in his mid-career, the spaniel draws 145  
 The moor-game's scent, with wide expanded nose:  
 The covey see, with men, and dogs beset;  
 Vainly for shelter in the ling they get:  
 Cautious o'er them the docile spaniel stands,  
 While, with his tube uplifted in his hands, 150  
 The

The fowler meditates their upward flight;  
 They secret view on e'ry side the light;  
 Then urg'd by bold necessity arise,  
 And trust for safety in their native skies;  
 But the destructive shot, alas! pursues, 155  
 A fight too painful for the tender muse:  
 With mangled limbs to earth they flutt'ring fall;  
 A fight so sad, ah! shall we pleasure call?  
 Can man with soft emotions in his breast!  
 Ah! can he with pain, and misery jest? 160  
 But hark! a call, some has escaped we see;  
 O! 'tis the father of the family,  
 Who ignorant of his poor young ones fate,  
 Now calls on them, and his late faithful mate;  
 She, ever at his side, was wont to share 165  
 Every pleasure, every tender care:  
 Tho' simple cates their meager life sustain;  
 Yet safety, even here, they fought in vain.

Would you! ye barb'rous ministers of death!  
 But thus unwearied spend your time and breath, 170  
 In routing out the murd'rous savage kind;  
 Both birds, and beasts, whose rapine unconfin'd,  
 Is ever watchful, seeking to devour;  
 The chick, and harmless lamb might live secure:  
 How many birds of prey you might pursue, 175  
 Which to the slaught'ring gun are justly due.

For

For works like these, was great Alcides fam'd;  
The savage beast he flew, the man he tam'd.

My eye descending from this wild survey,  
Now comes where TEISA's sweet meanders stray; 180  
Amidst o'er-arching-rocks, the silver flood,  
Reflects the image of green pendent wood:  
In this sequestr'd stream, the fish survey  
The little dancing gnats that frisk and play;  
At which they dart with such velocity, 185  
That one cou'd scarce their speckled bodies see:  
Did not the circles in the flood betray  
Their path, descending down the liquid way.

With balmy fragrance, here the western breeze  
Just whispers through the foliage of the trees; 190  
The nodding trees, whose variegated tops,  
With sweetness crown the formidable rocks,  
That on fair TEISA cast their dark brown shade,  
On which the birds of prey their nests have made;  
The azure falcon of quick darting eye, 195  
The jet-wing'd raven, of loud clam'rous cry,  
The buzzard brown, and the fell glede that wheels  
Around the farmer's yard, and sanguine steals  
The chicks: ah! what avails the mother's cry,  
The signal dread, at which they squatting lie 200  
On their flat sides, as if to earth they grew;  
Ah! what avails it that the mother flew,

Fiery

Fiery vindictive for her infant race;  
 The barb'rous ruffian does, before her face,  
 The trembling victim seize now in his claws;      205  
 On air triumphant out of fight he goes:  
 The clocking mother, piteously distressed  
 For her lost murder'd one, scarce heeds the rest.  
 These birds ill-omen'd skim along the streams,  
 O'er deepest pools they dwell 'midst ever-greens.      210

Scatter'd along sweet TEISA's valley here,  
 Some rural cots their thatched heads uprear;  
 Whose happy swains industrious miners are,  
 Ingenious luxury is not their care.

Plac'd sweetly on the hill's declivity,      215  
 Next Middleton's fair beauteous Hamlet see,  
 With its neat little church, and stately tow'r,  
 The people neither splendid, rich, nor poor.  
 Beneath this village sportful TEISA strays,  
 Through craggy rocks, or in meanders plays:      220  
 (The waving trees a chequer'd scene disclose,  
 As with sweet liquid lapse the water flows.

Bear me, ye muses, mournful by the hand!  
 Oh bear me! to the calm sequester'd land;  
 Where, for the late generous owner still      225  
 Sad TEISA weeps, below the verdant hill.

D

O Death!

O Death ! so hasty, why ? to snatch away,  
 To make the most agreeable thy prey.  
 On Hutchinson, my muse, a moment spend,  
 Majestic Hutchinson, politeness' friend : 230  
 Pensive let me with mournful tears survey  
 Eggestone, where his cold remains now lay ;  
 Here, with his fair Eliza, he possess'd  
 Delights, not conscious to a vulgar breast.  
 Upon this mournful scene my thought could dwell ; 235  
 But what avails it, since each swain can tell  
 His virtues, tho' perhaps in death some rest ;  
 Of the dead's works we oft enter the best.

Great Devonshire's domains we next survey,  
 In the fertile vicinity these lay, 240  
 Where happy Coderstone her swains has blest  
 With competence ; with fair content and health.  
 Rapid Baurder, tired of his lonely race,  
 Wide throws his arms fair TEISA to embrace.  
 Upon yonder sweet eminence there stood 245  
 A dome, that once o'erlook'd the silver flood,  
 Its grotesque rocks, and lowly pendent wood ;  
 A castle of the great Fitzhues, in days  
 When knights of chivalry, had all their praise ;  
 Tho' scarce a wreck left now ; the laws of fate, 250  
 Measure each lofty tow'r, and city's date.

Ye



Ye rural muses come, and with me view  
 Yon busy housewife, from her grateful cow  
 Rich streams of milky juice, with both hands draws,  
 Until her pail with bubbles overflows. 255  
 A finer sight can proud luxury boast?  
 Nice whipt up creams look but like this at most;  
 Yet far inferior in their taste we find,  
 The first is food by Nature's self design'd,  
 The last to nauseate too oft inclin'd. 260

The housewife to her house we next pursue,  
 Where we the management of cheese may view.  
 See th'earning homogeneous parts attract,  
 As frost on water, on milk here see it act!

The cheese by its own gravity descends, 265  
 Its motion at the kettle's bottom ends;  
 Collected in itself, we find it lay  
 Deep delug'd by a flood of wholesome whey;  
 From whence into a trough the mafs they bear,  
 And all the glossy bulk in pieces tear. 270  
 With sacred salt then sprinkle it all o'er,  
 Taking a cloth with wide and open pore;  
 In which the cheese now carefully is born  
 To a wooden mould of circular form;  
 The groaning prefs the little vase receives, 275  
 And finish'd soon, we view the new form'd cheese.  
 Now



Now to the whey, O rural muse return ;  
 We left it in the shining, brazen urn ;  
 Which urn upon the sparkling flames is plac'd,  
 And e'er it boils, with butter-milk they haste ; 280  
 Then with a thrivel stir it all around ;  
 This being done, we see white froth abound  
 Upon the rising surf, which by degrees,  
 Hardens into a substance like to cheese ;  
 But of consistence rich, and lighter far, 285  
 That, by the name of curds, distinguish'd are ;  
 A grateful cooling and delicious treat,  
 Which lux'ry's sons with wine and sugar eat ;  
 But otherwise the swains, with pleasure they  
 The curds eat up, with their own native whey. 290

Of healthful whig it now remains to treat ;  
 This cooling liquor ne'er amongst the great  
 Was introduc'd, it pleasantly allays  
 That thirst, which often on the peasant preys ;  
 Its flavour tart, when summer heat prevails, 295  
 To please the country people seldom fails :  
 Of its salubrious pow'r, we ne'er can doubt ;  
 Neither the juice of unconcocted fruit ;  
 Nor yet th' alembic's stupifying dose,  
 Are any of the things that whig compose. 300

When the diluting whey has boil'd its full,  
 The housewife to her garden goes to cull:

Various

Various herbs of fine cooling pleasant taste ;  
Pursuing her the rural Muses haste.

Alecost she gathers, with edge indented fine, 305  
Unerring plastic nature's fair design ;  
With spotted sage, from its own humble bed,  
And that which loftier grows, whose hue is red.

Next mint, but mints of various sorts there are,  
The best to choose deserves her utmost care: 310  
She burgamot well careful will avoid,  
Left by its too strong flavour be annoy'd :  
Those herbs that less emissive are of smell ;  
This, for the chymist's use, may do full well :  
Of fiery pepper-mint let her beware ; 315  
The search of cooling herbs is now her care :  
Here water-mint she also must refuse,  
And that whose pale green leaf is pointed, choose.  
Fresh leaves of baum the Muse wou'd next advise ;  
In baum, diaphoretic virtue lies ; 320  
And sudorific marygolds ; but these  
From the Stamina and impalement, please  
To pick for ropy juice, cohesion here  
Oft will retain, making fluids less clear.

These simples do in gardens all abound ; 325  
But yet the Muse shou'd sing, what wild are found :

E

Near

Near purling brooks, sweet woods and meadows fair,  
 Alone kind nature's universal care :  
 Since heav'n all lots with gardens does not blefs, 330  
 The fuccedaneum, O Mufe, exprefs !  
 On banks where Phœbus deigns his beams to fhed,  
 Fragrant ftrawberries grow, all blufhing red ;  
 Their leaves for whig a good ingredient are,  
 When from their clafping tendrils pick'd with care : 335  
 Goofegrafs then gather next, whose wan-green hue,  
 Like fatten fhines, when fpangled o'er with dew :  
 Pale green forrel the fhady woods produce,  
 And this affords a pleafant acid juice ;  
 To thefe add rofe-leaves of mufky favour, 340  
 They will give a cooling pleafant flavour :  
 Which ever of thefe recipes you take,  
 For thirfty fwains the grateful whig to make,  
 Be careful ere you mix the herbs and flowers,  
 Your whey be cool as gentle April fhew'rs. 345

To yonder floping Bank, ye facred Nine  
 Your Poet bear, her images refine !  
 While I fair TEISA's winding fhore purfue,  
 What fcenes appear, where'er I turn my view ;  
 What checker'd fair varieties we fee 350  
 On ev'ry fide, yet fweetly all agree ;  
 Below, with corn the laughing vallies ftand,  
 Above, the bleating flocks o'erfpread the land :

Descend-

Descending down the silver flood again,  
 Some cottages we view, that bear the name 355  
 Of Low-Shipley, a Paradise indeed,  
 Sweetly plac'd amidst the flow'ry mead ;  
 With what sweet harmless looks the cattle graze !  
 The birds sit chanting mattins on the sprays  
 That hang o'er TEISA, as she steals away 360  
 To Marwood, once a town, as records say,  
 Fam'd for its park, by Norman's made no doubt ;  
 These Nimrods havock made, and savage rout ;  
 Churches and towns they levell'd for the chase,  
 No owner pitied, nor the sacred place 365  
 Rever'd, where the fine gothic-structure stood :  
 Such was their savage thirst for shedding blood.

A ridge of rocks, vast uniform and high,  
 Whose tops are crown'd with oaks, we next espy,  
 Bless'd with the favouring muse ; I along  
 Their shades cou'd wander, might I stop the song: 370  
 On TEISA's verdant banks, here quiet lies  
 A villa, shelter'd from inclement skies,  
 Possess'd of joys, untasted by the great,  
 Liv'd Bainbridge late, in this so bless'd retreat :  
 Successive study, exercise and ease, 375  
 With humble joys of home-felt quiet please ;  
 Far beyond the vain pageantry of state,  
 Or lives of them, on scepter'd kings who wait :

Sequel-

Sequester'd thus from bus'ness and from noise,  
 The contemplative find substantial joys;  
 Oft have I wish'd my humble lot was cast  
 In some such blest retreat, where I at last,  
 Abandoning all servile hopes and fears,  
 Might quiet pass the few remaining years:  
 But, with sweet Cowley I must yet lament, 385  
 That in a hir'd-house all my days are spent:  
 Yet why do I lament, Oh! why did he?  
 Since the muse, ever uncontroul'd and free,  
 Can traverse earth, expatiate thro' the skies;  
 Each thing in common to the muses lies. 390  
 While with the muse, and one dear friend so blest,  
 I trusted fickle-fortune with the rest:  
 But, ah! that friend no more consoles my cares,  
 Nor pain, nor pleasure, more with me now shares;  
 From pain, the lot of all on earth, set free, 395  
 Enjoys the calms of bright felicity:  
 While care and hopeless woe alternate roll  
 Like day and night, in my sad alter'd soul,  
 Grief, in all its vicissitudes, pursue  
 My thought, My dear Lycidas! since thou 400  
 Was pluckt from that sad heart which bleeding lies,  
 And bootless, every balsamic tries;  
 Tho' not with woe am I so senseless grown,  
 As to admit of pleasing comforts none;  
 Fair hope still flatters my unquiet breast 405  
 With whispers, that my Lycidas is blest,

That

That he has now exchang'd a mortal love,  
 For an exhaustless source of bliss above :  
 There, there, my bleeding heart, look up for cure,  
 Since he is blest, thy present ills endure ; 410  
 To soothe thy anxious mind, the friendly muse  
 Will not her balmy blessings yet refuse.

Come, with me, visit Lartinton's sweet bow'rs,  
 Her waving woods, her many rills that pours  
 Clear chrystal streams, grateful to beasts and men ; 415  
 Soft murmurs seem to harmonize my pen :  
 Led by their sound from shade to shade I rove,  
 And hear the feather'd folk along the grove,  
 With different notes make one blest harmony ;  
 Thus, if great things compar'd with small may be, 420  
 Various nations, and all by various ways  
 And names, the author of their beings praise :  
 Heav'n looks down upon all with equal love,  
 With sweet complaisance does 'em all approve ;  
 Since by different modes they all confess 425  
 One pow'r supreme, and that adore and bless.

To reverence the owner of these shades,  
 I shou'd invoke the sister Sylvan Maids ;  
 But her prerogative the free-born Muse  
 Usurps, and will no adulation use : 430  
 To him may Ugicina pour out health,  
 Heav'n, not undeserv'dly, gave to him wealth ;

F

Divine

Divine philanthropy, may he no less,  
Than his late predecessors did, possess.

To TEISA's fair enamell'd banks thy song 435  
Bring back, my Muse, nor wander forth so long:  
Oh! cou'd my numbers like clear TEISA glide,  
I'd sing each tree that grows along her side;  
Of ev'ry shrub a flow'ry garland twine;  
Not father Thames' self, in loftier rhyme, 440  
Shou'd flow along with such majestic grace;  
Nor Eridanus, tho' he boasts a place  
In the celestial happy realms above,  
The lands of unexhausted bliss and love:  
The trees that crown this fair illustrious flood, 445  
In song shou'd all be tall o'ershading wood;  
Their leaves no sickly dropping autumn fear,  
Their verdure last throughout the circ'ling year.

The sweet winding current murm'ring runs  
Around fair Towler-hill, in mazy turns. 450

On this auspicious hill the Muses stand,  
Ready to lead the poet by the hand,  
Thro' the sweet grove, the fair enamell'd mead,  
Where herds, with harmless flocks, all sweetly feed.  
Their priestesses, me, the Muses consecrate, 455  
In rites poetic to officiate:

Thus



Thus honour'd, tho' in vain, I'll fondly try  
 To sing the beauties that my ravish'd eye  
 Surveys from fair enchanting Towler hill,  
 Where balmy breezes with soft fragrance fill 460  
 Each friendly bow'r, and each sweet leafy shade,  
 That lavish nature finely has array'd :  
 In all her pleasing works we no charm see,  
 But all is beauty, all is symmetry :  
 Look in the vale below, where laughing stand 465  
 Ripe ears of corn, to tempt the reaper's hand ;  
 (The furious winds shut out) the southern breeze  
 Just whispers thro' the verdant waving trees  
 That guard this little sweet, this happy plain :  
 On the trees the birds, with sonorous strain, 470  
 Repay the blessings that they here receive ;  
 With notes alternate, often they relieve  
 Each other from the burden of the song ;  
 Tho' small their bodies, yet their voices strong,  
 Harmoniously delight the list'ning ear ; 475  
 The broad-wing'd birds on yonder elm appear ;  
 The raven with his clam'rous loud noise,  
 And the stock-dove with her soft plaintive voice ;  
 She, sweetly cooing, fills th' echoing vale,  
 The rocks resound again the pleasing tale. 480  
 (Suppose a love-sick swain was stationed here,  
 With her complaints, all calm'd he wou'd appear :  
 Thus, when we view a well-wrote tragedy,  
 By others grief, our own becalm'd we see.)

The



The Halcyon, with feathers red and green, 485  
 All beauteous in her looks, too, here is seen;  
 In banks that o'er the chrystal flood are hung  
 She loves to build her nest, and raise her young.

This place had some poetic Greek survey'd,  
 He it the haunt of Sylvan's wou'd have made; 490  
 Or had of old some British bard been brought  
 To this sequester'd place, he wou'd have thought  
 The fairies' mazy steps he'd surely seen  
 Along these winding paths, all beauteous green:  
 As atoms their light bodies whirling turn, 495  
 In rarest mediums of the blessed sun;  
 But, when his beams, withdrawn, are fled away,  
 Seen only in his magnifying ray:  
 So, in his quick poetic mind, those still  
 Wou'd in these pleasant groves been visible. 500

Rocks, superbly eminent, yonder see,  
 Adorn'd with many a fair oaken tree,  
 Whose leafy tops all regular arise,  
 And seem to kiss the wide expanded skies:  
 Large Patrician oaks here shadowing stood, 505  
 And with majestic looks adorn'd the flood;  
 But these are gone, to visit foreign shores,  
 Returning home with rich and wealthy stores.

On

On this side TEISA fees more humble wood,  
 With leaves umbrageous nodding o'er her flood; 510  
 Tho' with their fhaggy brows some rocks arife,  
 And each to emulate their neighbours tries:  
 Then by transparent TEISA's winding fream,  
 Some beauteous pastures sweetly intervene,  
 Making a terrace smooth to look upon, 515  
 Where, from fair Barnard's town in bufy throng,  
 To taste th' enliv'ning sweets of fummer's air,  
 They, drest in Sunday's finery, repair.

The fweet, the fair meand'ring cryftal fream,  
 Is wont to be th' enraptur'd poets theme; 520  
 Tho' none, more fair than this, e'er entertain'd  
 Thofe minds, that fuch fublimity have gain'd.

As from fweet Towler-hill fair TEISA runs,  
 She takes fo many winding mazy turns,  
 That pleafant Nature's felf, we may fuppofe, 525  
 In sportive mood, this channel for her chofe.  
 From Towler-hill's proud height the winding fream  
 Does, like fix cryftal lakes, deceptive feem;  
 On which when Phœbus cafts an oblique ray,  
 As fhines the mirror, fo with beauty they 530  
 The charm'd fpectator dazzle, when upon  
 The brook he gazes as he walks along:

G

Here

Here ever-pleasing sweet variety  
Brightens each beauteous object that we see.

The prospect of this winding stream extends 535  
To Barnard's lofty bridge, nor there it ends:  
Lo! see it wash the rocks, where proudly stands  
Great Baliol's Castle that o'erlooks its sands:  
Beauteous this ruin rears its aged head;  
The fatal chance of foul rebellion led 540  
Thy old possessors to relinquish thee,  
Where beauty sweetly mixt with strength we see:  
Baliol, of Caledonian race,  
First rear'd this sweet, this once most happy place;  
Which, when its Prince homage refus'd to pay, 545  
Did England's valiant Edward take away:  
The lofty Warwicks then its Lords became,  
But next possess'd by honourable Vane.

Proud Warwick to the Virgin Queen refus'd  
Allegiance, and her princely pow'r abus'd; 550  
He was for these fell crimes compell'd to leave  
His fair domains, and, as an exile, breathe  
Disconsolate on Gallia's proud shore,  
Forbid to see his fair possessions more.

With Barnard's town the flood's sweet prospect ends; 555  
Still Towler-hill its lofty views extends

O'er

O'er woods far distant, and large hilly ground,  
 Where houses and fair villages abound.  
 East-wood with trees encompass'd ever green,  
 And Kirby's lofty church, are now the scene. 560  
 Dundas's circular grove terminates  
 The pleasant views, allotted by the fates  
 To happy Devonshire's delightful hill,  
 That does the mind with sweet sensation fill.

Upon yonder sloping hill's declivity, 565  
 Directed to the noon day's sun, we see  
 A pleasant town, near Baliol's ruins plac'd,  
 From these reverend ruins call'd and grac'd:  
 On TEISA's rising banks it sweetly stands,  
 The flood o'erlooking with its pleasant lands; 570  
 Fair industry its people all employ;  
 And did not envy sometimes them annoy,  
 Their labours, grateful plenty wou'd reward;  
 But selfish views they only here regard:  
 Emulous of engrossing all they strive, 575  
 Selling too low their woollen wares, to thrive.  
 The weaver hence maugre his work and pains,  
 Not just reward, not needful victuals gains;  
 Is forc'd to seek from other looms his bread:  
 The starving hugonots thus Britain fed, 580  
 When France made them (strange policy) to leave  
 Their lives, their dear religion, or to breathe

A fo-

A foreign air, and trust a neighbour king;  
 Behold, along with them their arts they bring,  
 And with this rich and noble dow'ry, 585  
 Requite Britannia's hospitality.  
 France her barbarity may ever rue,  
 When to us her manufacturers flew,  
 By making wages small, thus Barnard forc'd  
 Her working people out, her trade thus lost. 590  
 Industry they so far discourage now,  
 That the laborious females, not a few,  
 Who, in the weaving art, with men wou'd vie,  
 From practising this heav'n-taught art they tie.  
 A female brought this noble art to light, 595  
 Practis'd long in every court polite:  
 This useful art did mighty Hector's spouse,  
 To soothe her fears, and husband's absence, chuse:  
 Hellen, perhaps, with soft Lydian airs.  
 Might banish thought, banish all anxious cares, 600  
 With her fond shepherd from her vacant breast,  
 But Hector's queen's example sure is best:  
 Her work of innocence my Muse commend;  
 An art well fitting them who peaceful spend  
 Their time at home, while men robustly bred 605  
 Tend flocks, and sow the grain by which we're fed.  
 Let all revere the patient husbandman:  
 What life is spent like his? Say you who can  
 These laborious useful people scorn  
 That to the trade of husband'ry are born. 610

Mean

Mean vanity, for thirst of rank applause,  
 Him from his blissful cottage never draws :  
 He, undisturb'd with patriotic zeal,  
 Ne'er raises squabbles for the public weal ;  
 But, innocent of all those busy ills, 615  
 His grateful lands at home in quiet tills ;  
 Well pleas'd to feed his dumb deserving train,  
 His horses and his oxen, that sustain  
 Thro' all his labours still a double share.  
 Oh! blest be he, whose humane tender care 620  
 Ever to these dumb animals extends ;  
 Not their vigorous strength too wanton spends,  
 Nor niggardly deprives them of their food :  
 When earn'd so dear, what cruel savage cou'd  
 With-hold the viands to these creatures sent 625  
 By bounteous heav'n, for wanted nourishment :  
 Tho' men as Lords the choicest dainties claim,  
 " The fowls of heav'n may vindicate their grain."  
 On this soft Sylvan scene the Muse cou'd dwell,  
 And of its beauties much delighted tell. 630  
 But TEISA's flow'ry banks recal the Muse:  
 From Startford's village see what pleasing views !  
 Startford, that proudly eminent looks down  
 On Barnard's ruins, and the stately town ;  
 Barnard's illustrious cross we here behold, 635  
 With its fine colonade, a structure bold :  
 Breaks, kind native of this delightful place,  
 With this fair edifice the town did grace.

H

What



What dreadful havock has ambition made !  
 Yon castle tells in piteous ruins laid. 640  
 Alone the retunded Patrician tow'r  
 Escap'd the fatal spoiler's wasting pow'r.

See, under the fair elm's sweet mantling shade,  
 A mansion pleasing, by kind nature made ;  
 Where F—g in blest equity's dread seat 645  
 Of fair justice's laws long hath sat to treat ;  
 Wisely deserting fierce Bellona's cause,  
 For the sweet calms of pleasing soft repose :  
 Perils with pleasures sure may be repaid ;  
 So F—g laid aside war's venal trade, 650  
 And all the hours a magistrate can spare,  
 Are calmly spent inspecting bills of fare.  
 True taste can never sure be deem'd a vice !  
 At least not his, exquisitively nice.,

Yonder behold a little purling rill, 655  
 Sweet flowing down the green enamell'd hill :  
 This aqueduct proceeds from Morrit's drains,  
 And well compensates his ingenious pains :  
 The rotten ground which trembled as we trod,  
 Is now releas'd from the exub'rant load 660  
 Of chilly waters, that the grafs deprive  
 Of its nutritious particles, and drive,  
 With moist diluting qualities, away  
 The salts impregnating the foodful hay :

Where

Where the dejected sheep all bleating stood, 665  
 Benumb'd with chilly damps and starv'd for food,  
 Behold firm land appear, with wholesome grafs;  
 The cattle's looks proclaim it as we pass:  
 Death, which so oft in tainted rots appear'd,  
 Is by the farmer now no longer fear'd. 670

This plan wou'd each land-holder but pursue,  
 England a paradise we then might view:  
 Not then wou'd her own sons, like exiles, seek  
 More lands to till beyond the foaming deep:  
 Lovers of agriculture all might here 675  
 Employment find throughout the circling year;  
 Since convenient are all seasons found  
 To drain off water from the spongy ground.

The model of the drains prepare to sing,  
 O Sylvan Muse! Find out the hidden spring 680  
 Where bubbling waters rise, then with a spade  
 Let a broad trench, three feet in depth, be made;  
 Observe that with descent your conduit run,  
 Whether to the rising or setting sun;  
 Let it in breadth about a foot extend, 685  
 And with a wall you must its sides defend;  
 This wall in height at least must be a foot,  
 And over the canal be sure to put  
 Large shelvy stones, the wall will them sustain;  
 With ling or straw then cover it again; 690



And careful stop each little hole or chink,  
 Left through these the mould'ring earth shou'd sink,  
 Which oft the water's rapid course impedes :  
 But when th' earth is fixt, there no longer needs  
 Ought, save the stones, to bear it off the rills, 695  
 Which now the springing water quickly fills ;  
 Every lesser duct must have its course  
 Into a larger one, which adds its force  
 To drive redundant fluids off the land,  
 Which, like a deluge, once were used to stand : 670  
 When this is done it only now remains,  
 With their own earth to cover up the drains.

Variety still charms the longing eye ;  
 A beauteous ruin yonder we espy :  
 A chapel once, whose infelicity 675  
 Was to belong an Abbey, where we see  
 What vast havock pretended zeal can make,  
 When kings, to screen their unjust lux'ry, take  
 Religion's mask : For blessed piety  
 This church was founded, great Conan, by thee ; 680  
 How beauteous ! tho' a ruin beauteous still,  
 Situate on the summit of the hill ;  
 Beneath whose foot clear TEISA rolls away  
 Through rocks that almost tempt the Muse to stay :  
 Upon these beauteous rocks, superbly high,  
 Stands Morrit's bridge, that might with Tyber's vie :  
 Amidst

Amidst these beauties the descriptive Muse  
 Is lost, not witting what she first wou'd chuse.  
 The rocks wrapt up in Ivy's green embrace  
 To Wycliffe leading, or the beauteous place 690  
 Possess'd by him, whom future times shall praise,  
 And say, this beauteous bridge did Morrit raise.

With Rookby charm'd, my Muse, prepare to sing:  
 O Sylvan Muse! unlock each shade and spring;  
 And Greta, thou with murmurs soothe my ear, 695  
 Lost Eden sure is now revived here:  
 Lo! a fair beauteous lawn salutes our view,  
 With silver floods, and trees of diff'rent hue:  
 See lofty trees with humbler shrubs combine,  
 To make the Sylvan scene almost divine! 700  
 What sweet embow'ring shades we here behold;  
 By these embrac'd, thou Greta, long has roll'd!  
 What cooling grottos there has nature made:  
 See yonder craggy rock, how fine array'd  
 With pendent woodbines, all ambrosial-sweet; 705  
 Roses all hues in mixt embraces meet:  
 To cloath the naked rock of pleasant green,  
 The clasping ivy not the least is seen:  
 Chestnuts o'er all extend their lofty shade;  
 Beneath such sweets Arcadian shepherds laid 710  
 The golden age existing in its prime;  
 And such is Rookby in our iron time.

A venerable tow'r 'midst wavy wood,  
 In antique pride, for ages past has stood.  
 This situation, for romance so blest, 715  
 Was by a fair Enchantress possess'd,  
 Whose disastrous fate here the Muse shall tell;  
 Thus to the bright Genuera it befel:  
 Scarce was the ruddy morn in saffron dress'd,  
 When the noble Pendragon left his rest; 720  
 From Eden's blissful banks the hero came,  
 Where a ruin'd castle shall bear his name  
 'Till Eden's silver stream forget to flow,  
 And all again be Chaos here below:  
 Completely arm'd, his vest was verdant green, 725  
 An ermine cloak, no whiter e'er was seen;  
 Upon a milk-white steed the hero rode,  
 A sprightlier one was ne'er by knight bestrode;  
 He ambles in the vale with twilight grey,  
 Bleak Stainmore reaching, as the new born day 730  
 Appear'd, to gladden ev'ry mortal's fight,  
 And cast on opaque earth its pleasing light;  
 Sol's beams refulgent on his helmet play,  
 Reflecting bright intolerable day;  
 Zephyrus robb'd the blossoms of their balm, 735  
 And brought it on his wings the knight to charm:  
 With rapture he the sweet fragrance enjoy'd,  
 By nothing as he travell'd on annoy'd;  
 Tho' o'er these hills scarce ought assay'd to go,  
 Except the eagle, chough, and noisy crow: 740

In

In those bleak roads there was no path to guide  
 The travell'r, who through vast bogs must ride ;  
 Yet undismay'd the sprightly hero went ;  
 The ling fresh fragrance from its blossoms sent,  
 (For now the pleasant spring, in fresh array      745  
 Had cloath'd each plant, it was the bloom of May,  
 When from her fruitful lap, fair nature threw  
 The yellow cowslip and the vi'let blue.)  
 With gratitude inspir'd, the valiant knight  
 Contemplates the bright sun's sweet pleasing light : 750  
 If thou, he says, be with such glory crown'd !  
 In glories thy creator must abound,  
 Who dwells amidst ineffable pure light,  
 High enthron'd, exceeding every height.  
 Thus, the mariner, when the tempest's o'er,      755  
 Forgets the raging wind's impetuous roar.  
 A peaceful Hamlet here the knight survey'd,  
 Where, with clear TEISA joining, Greta made  
 A crescent beautiful to look upon :  
 He view'd the rocks where Greta runs along ;      760  
 And wand'ring up the stream he chanc'd to hear  
 Melodious sounds salute his ravish'd ear ;  
 When list'ning, he discern'd the various notes  
 Of singing birds, that strain'd their little throats ;  
 Swans, to the brook, repeat their dying strains,      765  
 And on its banks sweet philomel complains ;  
 Dark clouds of larks hang in the ambient sky,  
 And murmuring currents ran rolling by :

The

The concert still more loud, yet sweeter grew;  
 The Sirens seem'd to add their voices now : 770  
 Amazed, then he lifted up his eyes  
 And saw, upon a rock, with great surprise,  
 Nine beauteous damsels 'midst the waving wood,  
 Who, with their lutes, in charming concert flood;  
 The rocks and woods echo the pleasing strain; 775  
 The nymphs repeat it o'er and o'er again :  
 Suspended he remains, and scarce believes  
 His eyes, nor credits what he surely sees ;  
 When from the rock Geneura's self descends,  
 And o'er the chrystal brook obliging bends, 780  
 The stranger t' invite; lest the brook impede,  
 A bridge is raised with spontaneous speed :  
 Such offers cou'd a gallant knight withstand?  
 He then alights and takes her by the hand :  
 To her fair castle she the knight convey'd, 785  
 To shun the heat, well pleas'd the hero staid ;  
 And now the choicest cates the nymphs prepare,  
 Clusters of grapes, with an obliging air,  
 Fair Geneura plac'd by the stranger guest ;  
 Ripe figs and oranges she fought the best : 790  
 Nor melon, nor rich pine was wanting there,  
 Nor gen'rous wine the hero's heart to cheer.  
 The nymphs with flying fingers touch the lyre ;  
 And rapture in the knight again inspire.  
 But to Geneura's self alone belongs 795  
 The pow'r to charm, with soft persuasive songs :  
 The

The nymph she fung with such enchanting air,  
As might inflame the knight, was she less fair.

Imparadised thus, great Pendragon sat  
Charm'd with harmonious sounds, and pleasing chat, 800  
'Till in fair Thetis' lap, the falling fun  
Hasted to rest, his race of labour run.  
Evening reminds the knight to take his leave;  
But no farewell wou'd this fond nymph receive;  
From day to day his visit she prolongs, 805  
And charms his ear with sweetest soothing songs.  
(As Alcides with the Lydian queen)  
Pendragon was by none but females seen:  
In this elysium still his country's woes,  
Each soft, each happy blisful scene oppose; 810  
Of which when he talks, she with streaming eyes,  
(All stratagems in vain) thus to him cries:  
Didst thou, ungrateful man! O didst thou know  
What perils wait thee, ere from hence thou go!  
With these neglected charms thou wou'dst dispense, 815  
Nor thy lov'd country make the thin pretence  
Of basely leaving me, who can bestow  
On thee immortal pleasure while below.  
Ah me! (the brave heroic youth reply'd)  
Rather than my dear country's woes deride, 820  
I wou'd in some dark loathsome prison lie;  
Rather than bear this brand of ignominy:

K

A



A Coward is now th' approbrious name  
 Pendragon bears amongst the sons of fame ;  
 My gen'rous brother too will me accuse. 825  
 In vain he pleads, while she does still refuse  
 His going, and thunder brings storm and hail  
 Him to detain, when words cou'd not prevail :  
 The fair streams that measure out her bound'ries,  
 The rolling Greta, and wide rapid Tees, 830  
 She, by her magic, wou'd command to rage :  
 Thus (like a little linnet in its cage)  
 Unwilling Pendragon was still confin'd ;  
 His country's woes sat heavy on his mind :  
 The harrafs'd Britons daily were annoy'd, 835  
 And brave Ambrosius' forces near destroy'd.  
 Britannia wishing to regain her knight,  
 Cornwall fought, where she, a powerful wight,  
 Well knew, and in a cave of living stone,  
 The wizard Merlin, there she found alone ; 840  
 Who, with a smile, the goddess thus addrest :  
 Why gracious condescends to be our guest  
 Britain's genius ! Goddess immortal say,  
 What your behests ? And Merlin shall obey.  
 To which divine Britannia thus began : 845  
 By Geneura confin'd there lives a man,  
 Who late was call'd the hero of my isle ;  
 Lives inglorious, with th' enchantress while  
 Cerdic invades my country, and destroys  
 My subjects, all their sacred rights enjoys : 850  
 Left

Left is Ambrosius in the direful fray,  
 While Saxons fresh, like blood-hounds ev'ry day  
 Beset him, with their keen hungry jaws ;  
 Pendragon now deserts a brother's cause :  
 Go Merlin, tear him from his soft repose ; 855  
 Fail not to tell of what he holds most dear,  
 A brother and an infant son, who here  
 To men, more fierce than wolves, must fall a prey ;  
 His little smiling Arthur surely may  
 Influence him : But why do I his stay 860  
 Accuse ? Since by the wily dame constrain'd :  
 Twice ten revolving suns he has remain'd ;  
 And still must there remain, except by thee  
 From the forcerefs's artful arms set free.  
 Fear not (sage Merlin said) Goddess divine ! 865  
 By the third day shall he in armour shine :  
 Fair Britannia thankfully withdrew,  
 And to assist renown'd Ambrosius flew.

Mean while, with Cynthia's solitary light,  
 The wizard rode on air, and as the night 870  
 Disputed empire with the ruddy morn,  
 Was to Geneura's stately castle born ;  
 Touch'd by his wand, the gate with jarring sound  
 Self open'd stood ; the wizard view'd around  
 This paradise, sweet aromatic groves, 875  
 Fruit trees, that needed not the help of stoves ;

Sweet



Sweet liquid lapſe of murmuring fair ſtream,  
 Now gilded with bleſt Phœbus' riſing beam :  
 In the green mead the ſprightly courſers neigh,  
 The lowing kine, and lambs, ſalute the day ; 880  
 Summoned thus, Geneura's fair nymphs ariſe,  
 And Merlin to his urgent buſ'neſs flies ;  
 But him no entrance wou'd the nymphs admit,  
 Within the portico the ſage muſt fit,  
 Until of him their miſtreſs they acquaint, 885  
 To her his name th' impatient Merlin ſent :  
 But when ſhe knew that Merlin at the gate  
 For audience her coming did await,  
 (To her nymphs ſhe ſays) why will you deny  
 The ſacred rites of hoſpitality 890  
 Which to the ſtranger and the poor we owe ?  
 False the confidence I on you beſtow :  
 Haſte to the hall, conduct the ſtranger in,  
 When dreſs permits, will I attend on him.  
 Some go, the ſtranger to conduct, ſome dreſs'd 895  
 The fair hair'd queen, who ev'ry grace expreſs'd :  
 With flowers the ringlets of her hair entwine  
 That o'er her ſhoulders flow, with air divine ;  
 Rich pearls they tie around her ſnowy neck,  
 With fragrant noſe-gays her fair boſom deck ; 900  
 Her upper robe was ſattin, ſilver hue,  
 Her under robe was of true-lovers' blue ;  
 Brilliant bracelets around her fair arms ſhine,  
 Her graceful motion ſhew'd her all divine.

The

The nymphs attend her to the stranger guest, 905  
And him polite, she kindly thus address'd :

Welcome, whate'er this visit does import,  
Welcome, sage Merlin, to our little court!  
(When Merlin thus) I from Britannia came,  
Therefore, O Queen! do not my message blame; 910  
This, her great isle, abounds with hostile foes,  
Who like ants from their hillocks have arose!  
Cerdic (a name more formidable yet  
On British ground did never foot-steps set)  
Is now arriv'd with thousands of his crew; 915  
What can the great the good Ambrosius do?  
Deserted by a brother in his need;  
This brother, I do you implore with speed,  
Aid, in this uttermost distress, to send,  
Or Britain's sons in slavery must end 920  
Their lives. Geneura's cheek, late rosy red,  
(Love's proper hue) turn'd pale, while thus she said:  
Britannia has, envious of our bliss,  
In contradiction meditated this!  
Or else, why did those vile Banditti land? 925  
This mighty empress of the seas cou'd strand  
Their vessel on some distant coast, where they  
To savages might fall an easy prey:  
But, jealous of our loves, she this has wrought,  
And her lov'd country now to ruin brought: 930  
The mortal let her take, as now she may;  
Can his single arm win the doubtful day?

L

In

In combat can he thousands now oppose?  
 When thus she'd said, she from her seat arose;  
 And, pensive sad, her lover went to seek, 935  
 Where, on his couch, in the soft arms of sleep  
 The man she found; Sleep prun'd his wings and fled  
 As th' unhappy fair to her lover said,  
 Go, valiant Knight! thee thy country now claims,  
 Go shed thy blood for her fair mortal dames! 940

By these her taunting words the Knight perceiv'd  
 How much the fair for his departure griev'd,  
 And answer'd thus, with soft endearing voice;  
 If heav'n had kindly left it to my choice,  
 So grossly stupid sure I cou'd not be, 945  
 To leave this beauteous paradise and thee!  
 Nor yet so undiscerning is my love,  
 As not thy celestial charms to approve:  
 Superior far to those, who ev'ry day,  
 As yonder blushing rose, hastes to decay: 950  
 But my country, my brother, and my son  
 Now call me hence; poor Arthur's life begun.  
 Alas! with his too wretched country's woes;  
 If now preserv'd, perhaps he may her foes  
 Disperse, who do this sea-girt isle oppress. } 955  
 If kind heav'n vouchsafes these my arms to bless,  
 I may with thee enjoy the wish'd success.  
 Far fly from me such flatt'ring hopes, (she said)  
 And from the hero turn'd her beauteous head;

While

While she the stubborn, rising woe suppress'd, 960  
 The woe that labour'd in her tender breast:  
 Her love she then prepares for long to leave,  
 Farewel ! farewel ! (she cries) nor ever grieve,  
 Nor cast one anxious pensive thought on me.

Immortal, farewel ! happy may'st thou be, 965  
 Pendragon cries ; to his endearing arms  
 Then clasp'd the dame, and said, when war's alarms  
 Are o'er, I will, if fate permits, return,  
 Tho' now to combat Britain's foes I burn.

Pensive she hung her snowy neck, and sigh'd, 970  
 Sorrow all utterance to her words deny'd.

Thus while the lovers fondly bade adieu,  
 Impatient to be gone sage Merlin grew,  
 And sends them to remind of their delay ;  
 His eager summons flow they both obey : 975  
 Her grief, at length, she seeming to forego,  
 Conducts them to the room of state below ;  
 Great Pendragon, with wonderous surprize,  
 Upon sage Merlin cast his sparkling eyes ;  
 But in suspense the prince not long remain'd, 980  
 Soon Merlin to his friend the business nam'd.  
 (As a fierce lion within sight of prey)  
 Pendragon eager wishes for the day  
 When he his distress'd country's foes shou'd meet,  
 And lay his laurels at his lady's feet. 985

A

A royal repast had the nymphs prepar'd,  
 Which, as friendship's last token, they three shar'd.  
 The Goddess then conducts them o'er the green,  
 The Knight his courser mounts, nor long was seen.  
 Geneura, she returns with silent woe, 990  
 Her flow'rs to tend, or else the shuttle throw :  
 Merlin's important bus'ness being done,  
 He on a ray ascended of the sun.

Thy winding course I TEISA should pursue,  
 But lo! my eye hath caught one pleasing view: 995  
 Then come, my Muse! up yonder hill we'll go,  
 Pride and ill-nature let us leave below ;  
 In Hanby's mansion we shall surely find  
 Reception affable, polite and kind ;  
 Mirth and good-humour there together dwell: 1000  
 The rural beauties of Eastwood to tell,  
 Majestic Denham's pen might once have grac'd,  
 Tho' far from Paul's and charming Windfor plac'd ;  
 See, with what sweet meanders Greta runs !  
 Around a little half-moon'd vale it turns 1005  
 Its bubbling waters, with their murm'ring sound ;  
 On its high rocks sweet ever-greens abound ;  
 Fair spring, in its unfading verdure, here  
 Lasts, in defiance of the changing year.

Of ever-blessed memory, they shou'd 1010  
 Esteemed be, who planters were of wood ;  
 This

This shews the mind, not center'd in itself,  
 To future ages thus committing wealth.  
 Ruins of large orchards I've often seen,  
 Which proves, that our progenitors have been 1015  
 More fond of planting trees for use and food,  
 Than those that neither beauteous are, nor good:  
 I often, in large winding walks, lament  
 To see much ground, and labour vainly spent,  
 Where trees for useful fruit as well might grow; 1020  
 What more pleasing than apple blossoms shew?  
 So sweetly ting'd with beauteous red and white;  
 What more than lofty pear-trees can delight?  
 Whose large luxuriant leaves are verdant green,  
 Where snow-white blossoms dangling hang between; 1025  
 Yet when the fruit appears, in autumn's pride,  
 We ne'er lament that their sweet flow'rs subside:  
 What strange desire of novelty invest  
 The great! Who banish from their grounds the best  
 Of trees, to nurse up here a foreign kind, 1030  
 Whose virtue less than briers we often find.

Not so our frugal fathers ever chose,  
 Their meadow lands to waste on shrubs like those;  
 Shrubs that our English hawthorns far excel,  
 Both in the beauty of their looks and smell; 1035  
 What so fam'd of old as the hawthorn tree,  
 In all songs of rural simplicity?

M

The



The sweet, the lovely hawthorn in the vale,  
Was still the prelude to the lover's tale.

O happiness, of sweet retir'd content ! 1040  
Thrice happy life in rural pleasures spent !  
It is not rural life to hunt the game,  
It is to bless what animals are tame ;  
On the honest guileless ox bestowing,  
Part of those stores from his labours flowing ; 1045  
And for the sweet breath'd cows nutritious juice,  
To give that herbage heav'n sent for her use ;  
The bleating flocks from higher grounds to drive  
What storms prevail, nor niggardly deprive  
Them of their food ; but man's peculiar care, 1050  
Shou'd to the gen'rous horse extend that share,  
With him his perils, and his pleasures too,  
With patience undergo whate'er they do.  
O happy ! that those fopperies are o'er,  
Which once these gen'rous creatures patient bore ; 1055  
That, barbarity's self did sure invent,  
Becoming nature rude to circumvent ;  
When barbarous Jockeys incisions made  
In their fine flowing tails, and plaisters laid :  
This, Oh Man ! was excruciating pain, 1060  
For beasts to feel from thee ! that's call'd humane ;  
But we in this respect are wiser grown  
Tho' ill to treat these gen'rous creatures prone ;

Wit-



Witnefs yon huge machine that flies away,  
 Why fo much hafte, ye foolifh drivers fay? } 1065  
 To breathe let thefe poor panting creatures ftay:  
 Cruel, you rob them of their limbs and breath;  
 He who invented thefe has been the death  
 Of many a creature, that well deferv'd  
 For a better fate, to have been referv'd: 1070  
 The horfe is in the book of Job describ'd,  
 The ftately horfe, of animals the pride!  
 With nimble feet he paweth in the vale,  
 The fpear and arrow both before him fail;  
 Stranger to fear he the fierce battle meets, 1075  
 Neighing, glorioufly, the warrior greets;  
 Even to thunder, does the facred ftory,  
 His majestic neck compare for glory:  
 In days wherein they thus thefe creatures prize,  
 They never thought of fell destructive flies; 1080  
 Where, as in a tavern, we people fee,  
 Without diftinction, mix promifcuoufly;  
 From town to country, from country to town,  
 All, in vaft hurry, buftle up and down;  
 The reafon of their hafte the Mufe enquires, 1085  
 And finds them govern'd by diff'rent defires:  
 The husbandman of ufeul labour tir'd,  
 Is by the golden mines of London fir'd;  
 The ruddy milk-maid, fhe is weary grown  
 Of her lot, in the fly fhe goes to town: 1090  
 Tay-

Taylors and barbers, 'tis necessary,  
 They croud, like ghosts, in old Charon's ferry ;  
 With milliners, who visit at the court,  
 Ere well-bred ladies to their shops resort.  
 In such emergencies, what can the Muse 1095  
 Advance, these strange oppressions to excuse ?

Then come, O Muse ! come bear me now away,  
 Sweet peaceful Muse ! whose dictates I obey ;  
 Fair TEISA's verdant banks will yet again  
 The rural breast, and poet entertain. 1100

From Wycliffe's mantling shades and craggy rocks,  
 We'll view the yellow harvest, and the flocks  
 Of harmless sheep that in the valley stray,  
 Where TEISA, with soft murmurs, roll away ;  
 Visiting where good Tunstall held abode, 1105  
 Wycliff's late rever'd and valu'd lord,  
 Who this sweet place has venerable made ;  
 This fair mansion may, by the Muse, be said,  
 From its parent ashes just arising,  
 As the phoenix pleasingly surprising: 1110  
 O may ye ! ye ingenious gentle pair !  
 Who now illustrious Tunstall's fortune heir ;  
 May ye become heirs of his virtues too !  
 None t' equal Tunstall can the Muse allow ;  
 She says, nay, to confirm it, she has sworn, 1115  
 That a more worthy man was never born :

As

As now the Muse, good Tunstall surely swore,  
 No family around him shou'd be poor;  
 All ranks of men by Tunstall were receiv'd,  
 And all their wants by him alike reliev'd: 1120  
 Thus, this divine man! purchas'd for himself,  
 Treasure, far beyond terrestrial wealth;  
 Like his divine master he thought the bliss  
 Of receiving fortune's gifts, were far less,  
 Than them to deal with liberality; 1125  
 Which, happy Tunstall! still was done by thee!  
 Who master'd all those vicious appetites,  
 In which the great now find such dear delights;  
 In games, nor sports, thou ne'er felt a pleasure,  
 Nor ill-manner'd jests in any measure; 1130  
 Anger was foreign to thy peaceful mind,  
 With all the passions of malignant kind:  
 O'er these thy early years a conquest gain'd,  
 Which with thee to phlegmatic age remain'd:  
 Happy, thrice happy, was mild Tunstall's lot! 1135  
 Who, in the bloom of life, the world forgot:  
 Twenty circling years the radiant sun  
 In aries had his matchless race begun;  
 While from the world retir'd, mild Tunstall he,  
 With God alone held sweet society; 1140  
 Nor did his palate other viands crave,  
 Than soup, which the fine flower of oatmeal gave;  
 (As in his Tub the Cynic) with content  
 He liv'd, nor envy'd joy to others sent;

N

For

For here he strove his passions to subdue, 1145  
 Which, with their years, in others riper grew :  
 His joys were all of the sublimer kind,  
 Not in corporeal sense, but in the mind ;  
 And in a little cell, near to the sky,  
 With books he held a calm society : 1150  
 Thus by taking superfluities away  
 From bodies, the improved mind, as sages say,  
 Will surely grow more volatile and light,  
 Gaining of heavenly things a quicker sight.  
 When great Demetrius took the isle of Rhode, 1155  
 A skilful painter in that isle abode,  
 Who so enamour'd of his art was grown,  
 That food for seven years he'd tasted none,  
 Save meagre pulse, of simple lupens made,  
 Left the thick fumes from groffer food o'ershade 1160  
 Those lambient flames, proceeding from the brain :  
 (This from authentic Plutarch's story came.)  
 If thus the pleasures of a sense could charm,  
 What pleasure must thy breast, O Tunstall, warm !  
 Who liv'd sequester'd from society, 1165  
 To gain with God a higher unity.  
 He who can find delights in solitude,  
 Must either be a savage wild and rude,  
 Or of a mind like God's, divinely pure ;  
 The last was Tunstall's happy temper sure : 1170  
 (Leading a life of calm celibacy)  
 Here long he liv'd, if life and long agree.

Of

Of Wycliffe and its god-like owner, now  
 The Muse, tho' very loath, must bid adieu;  
 And with the silver stream descend again, 1175  
 Where charming Winston does attention claim:  
 Fair shady beeches, and sweet cooling streams,  
 Where Phœbus kindly sheds his noon-day beams:  
 Beauteous gardens on TEISA's banks appear;  
 How blest the holy man whose lot falls here! 1180

Nor Sellaby to sing shou'd we refuse;  
 But 'tis a theme too copious for the Muse.  
 Up yon terrace we next, my Muse, ascend,  
 Whose shelving sides to TEISA downward bend;  
 Venerable oaks, with green ivy bound, 1185  
 Along this road the traveller furround;  
 Upon this fine smooth terrace as we go,  
 Barford's rich campaign grounds appear below.

Half incircl'd fair winding Teese, by thee!  
 Gainford's sweet peaceful village next we see; 1190  
 With Pomona's golden fruit, richly crown'd,  
 While Flora's vernal pencil paints the ground:  
 Like Winston here the Vicar's happy lot,  
 Into a goodly heritage has got:  
 The church, a Gothic pile, is sweetly plac'd; 1195  
 With a finer site a church was never grac'd.

Tho'

Tho' unwillingly, I, alas! its fate  
 Must prophecy, for tho' its site elate  
 Sweetly pleases the charm'd beholder's eye,  
 Yet TEISA runs with rolling current by ; 1200  
 Undermining the bank on which it stands,  
 Depriving the dead of their assur'd lands ;  
 'Tis more than probable, in future days,  
 This structure fair, it impious, will erase.

Snow-hall most pleasingly has caught my eye! 1205  
 This may TEISA's destructive stream defy ;  
 Which, from a fine sweet eminence, commands  
 The river, with its shrubby banks and lands,  
 Where Ceres' blest offspring, a wavy band,  
 In all the pride of golden harvest stand. 1210

To Peirce-bridge next fair TEISA rolls away ;  
 In days of yore a Roman cohort lay,  
 Station'd along this fair sweet campaign ground ;  
 Here many an antique coin has been found :  
 A Pagan image once of sculpture fine, 1215  
 (That shew'd no vulgar artist's rare design)  
 Was by the plow discover'd as it lay,  
 Expos'd to air, in sight of open day ;  
 To th' owner of the plow a victim fell :  
 In him did so much superstition dwell, 1220  
 As to believe a christian might not see  
 This stony image, with impunity ;

So



So, with the groaning hammer broke it small;  
Thus to dust did its fine smooth features fall.

Amidst a group of venerable trees, 1225  
Witham's mansion the charm'd traveller sees;  
From hence smooth TEISA dimpling runs along,  
And sees the herds and flocks her borders throng;  
The bleating flocks that in these meadows feed,  
Are all of large noble generous breed; 1230  
Their wool is long, and white as falling snow,  
(From it fine threads our female artists draw)  
The pride of Britain and of TEISA, they,  
For their rich pastures, well, methinks, repay:  
Yet this will not luxurious man suffice, 1235  
He (like the prowling wolf) demands their lives.

By Kingscliffe's chalky rock, next TEISA runs,  
And to Low Concliffe in meanders turns;  
An enchanting wilderness, sweetly fair,  
The kindred name of Cooper's Hill does bear: 1240  
Oh! were my Muse to Denham's so ally'd,  
I'd sing each tree that grows along its side;  
Patrician oaks, that like the great o'ershade  
The lowly Plebeian wood, along each glade,  
Catching the drops that nursing clouds distil, 1245  
Nor sparing one 'till they have drunk their fill:  
The humble under-wood I'd also sing,  
The auburn hazel that salutes the spring;

O

The



The hawthorn's fair aromatic flower,  
 The sweet woodbine that interlines each bow'r; 1250  
 To the brier I'd give no harder name,  
 Than what plants fenitive too often claim;  
 The pale primrose I'd call divinely fair,  
 Celestial each violet that perfumes the air.

Devonshire's rich lands, crown'd with plenty here, 1255  
 Again on beauteous TEISA's banks appear.  
 Hail! happy Cleasby! Ceres' favour'd feat,  
 So justly renown'd for generous wheat.

With serpentine like course now TEISA runs,  
 Thro' many a sweet pleasant mead, and turns 1260  
 Around Blackwall, a situation fair,  
 Upon a flow'ry bank, in pleasant air.

(Slighting Darlington) she now glides along  
 To Stappleton: This village stands among  
 Fair plains that herds of lowing cattle breed, 1265  
 With many a fine nimble footed steed:  
 Two rivers TEISA here, with kind embrace,  
 Receives, that finish now their lonely race:  
 Skearn, after wat'ring Darlington's fair town,  
 In TEISA's lap, contented, lays him down, 1270  
 With Clow's little pleasant meand'ring rill,  
 That does in Yorkshire rise from Cromma Hill.

This

This beauteous silver stream to Croft runs near,  
 Sweet pleasant village, Neal was pastor here:  
 Good-natur'd Neal! whose ever open door 1275  
 Oblig'd the wealthy, and reliev'd the poor:  
 As far as mortal cou'd—he sure was blest  
 In the fair graceful dame whom he possess;  
 She, with good-nature and urbanity,  
 Still charm'd with such a sweet variety! 1280  
 Their mansion now by Milbank is possess,  
 While they, in happier ones, together rest.  
 Lo! here a bridge six cent'ries has stood,  
 O'erhading beauteous TEISA's silver flood;  
 For its salubrious bath hath Croft been fam'd, 1285  
 Divinely blest, from good Saint John 'tis nam'd.

To Hurworth TEISA runs, whose pleasant site,  
 Does oft the wealthy's residence invite:  
 Upon her southern side a lawn we view,  
 The property of wealthy Montague. 1290

From hence to Nesham TEISA has its course,  
 This sweet village lays to the river close;  
 Here its silver stream the traveller fords,  
 And in this limpid stream we find the Lords  
 Of Sogburn meet the Bishop new elect; 1295  
 To him they homage pay, with great respect;  
 For

For these two manors, Sogburn, and Dinsdale,  
 They hold a sword, and tell a wond'rous tale  
 Of a wing'd serpent which did infest  
 Sogburn's fine plains, of Durham lands the best : 1300  
 From the lunar circle ('twas thought) there fell  
 A serpent, as the hydra terrible ;  
 Like her, so dread, so fearful to behold,  
 That no courageous knight, tho' e'er so bold,  
 Durst him attack, none, none was to be found, 1305  
 He rul'd the lord and master of this ground ;  
 The people many years this grievance bore ;  
 (For man's short date live serpents o'er and o'er)  
 Thus these piteous people were distress'd,  
 'Till a deliverer to the oppress'd 1310  
 Arose, whose name was Conyers, he a wight,  
 Did, like Alcides, in great deeds delight ;  
 In his own prowess wrapt, and coat of mail,  
 He with his sword this serpent did assail ;  
 First on the neck he gave him such a stroke, 1315  
 As might have fell'd the stoutest, tallest oak  
 That e'er in Britain grew, when Druids possess  
 Vast groves of these, where they the people bless ;  
 At which, indignant, wide he flap'd his wing,  
 The hero underneath a dart did fling, 1320  
 For in this part (like great Achilles' heel)  
 Tho' else invulnerable, he cou'd feel  
 Death's leaden hand, and, for the first time, here  
 His undaunted soul stood appall'd with fear ;

Bold

Bold Conyers then advancing with his dart, } 1325  
 In this unguarded, this neglected part }  
 Soon found a passage to the serpent's heart ; }  
 The purple life this oblique passage found,  
 And fally'd forth out of the gaping wound ;  
 The vanquish'd serpent clos'd his glaring eyes, 1330  
 And, like a blasted oak, a ruin lies !  
 A large shrill horn the hero sounded then,  
 On which appear'd a group of sturdy men,  
 Who drew this pond'rous ruin to a pit,  
 Many a massive stone there heap'd on it : 1335  
 The good Bishop to Conyers then decreed :  
 These manors for this great and noble deed ;  
 Where he in peace, and glory flourish'd long,  
 And built three holy churches, fair and strong :  
 At Sogburn one, where he the serpent flew ; 1340  
 There, in fine stone, his monument we view ;  
 His body at full length, in sculpture fine,  
 A female on each side, all rare design ;  
 With his large trusty dog beneath his feet,  
 That with his master did the serpent meet. 1345  
 This tale now being done, they to his Grace  
 Present the sword, that in this fatal place  
 Did the old fiery dragon's life destroy,  
 Which he, returning, wishes them all joy  
 Of these fair lands, which they so justly claim ; 1350  
 They to their homes then all return again.

A tale so plausible, none can refuse  
 To credit; yet the deep discerning Muse,  
 In this fable, of the antients setting forth,  
 Discovers a knight of undaunted worth; 1355  
 Who here, perhaps, some robber overthrew,  
 Like Robin Hood with his stout valiant crew;  
 Or some tyrannic baron, who oppress'd  
 His neighbours, to mankind a common pest.

Yonder we see a mill for grinding corn, 1360  
 Whose dam is made of naught but rugged thorn;  
 Unconscious of the pangs ambition brings,  
 The honest miller sits, and chearful sings;  
 Meagre poverty he need never dread,  
 His occupation still assures him bread; 1365  
 Proud science never lead his mind astray,  
 He loves to read his bible, and to pray.  
 (Things by much lifting are reduc'd to nought)  
 He therefore loves the faith he first was taught;  
 And by this maxim questions not the creeds, 1370  
 Which with modest humble piety he reads;  
 The scriptures are his int'rest to believe,  
 Heav'n, he thinks, never will our hopes deceive:  
 These are the tenets of his honest heart,  
 From which he oft avers he'll ne'er depart. 1375  
 View him returning home with corn to grind,  
 Met by his lisping babes and help-mate kind;

Who

Who welcome him with pleasure in their eye,  
Yonder, yonder comes poor dad, th' infants cry.

TEISA murm'ring leaves this delightful mill, 1380  
To visit Gersby on a pleasant hill:  
Sweet situation, amidst wholesome air,  
Shivering agues here infest but rare:  
Her lucid waters, next to Dinsdale run,  
But e'er they pass, large dams there are that turn 1385  
The silver flood into a standing lake,  
Where they the beauteous speckled salmon take.  
In artful locks confin'd, the captive fish  
For freedom, now alas! too fruitless wish:  
Ah! what does all their finny strength avail, 1390  
Their round watchful eyes, strong muscular tail!  
Like to the winged arrow from the bow  
Darting along, they would their bodies throw;  
Their little filmy bladders they with ease  
Do contract or dilate whene'er they please, 1395  
To rise or fall in th' ambient element;  
With struggling now their strength is almost spent:  
The sweets of liberty they bootless try,  
These prisons all deliverance deny:  
'Tis death alone that now must set them free, 1400  
Condemn'd to feast insatiate luxury:  
Tho' hunger press'd, the Greeks would yet refuse,  
Their empire o'er the wat'ry race to use;  
Tho' earth and air were ransack'd, food to find,  
They, pious, wou'd not eat the finny kind, 1405  
As



As nature had assign'd their element,  
Where interdicted man might not frequent.

A pleasant house with gardens TEISA here  
Surveys, that once Routh's fair possessions were :  
Routh, so justly fam'd for a gen'rous breed 1410  
Of noble courfers, whose vast matchless speed  
So often bore away the golden prize  
In Britain's fam'd equestrian victories.

Ward's pleasant seat from TEISA's Banks now see ;  
This, valiant Conyers, this belong'd to thee ! 1415

Broke from her fetters, now glad TEISA runs,  
Around fair Dinfdale in a circle turns :  
Upon her banks an ancient hall we see,  
Bearing the marks of great antiquity :  
A church near to this hall, romantic sweet, 1420  
See next ! with the good vicar's pleasant seat ;  
The present pastor's name is Addison,  
Who, with fair hospital, has long  
Enjoy'd this blessed, rural, sweet retreat !  
More happy than the prelate, tho' less great. 1425  
O'er rugged rocks the foaming floods resound,  
And leafy woods its mossy borders crown.

Middleton One Row's elevated site,  
Does next the pleas'd spectator's eye delight.

To



To Pemberton's sweet feat next TEISA runs, 1430  
 Then round St George's little village turns :  
 A venerable church here sweetly stands,  
 Amidst fair meadows and rich fertile lands ;  
 In all the vales thro' which fair TEISA strays,  
 A finer soil than this she ne'er surveys. 1435  
 In solemn majesty see TEISA glide,  
 With open bosom to receive the tide,  
 That eager to High Worfel foaming flows ;  
 Cerulean waves fair TEISA here inclose :

Thus wedded to the sea, her waters swell 1440  
 So large, that barks they bear at Low Worfel :  
 Peare's numerous magazines there see,  
 Here barks, fair TEISA, anchor first in thee!

Triumphant now thou visits busy Yarm,  
 Where the chastisings of thy powerful arm 1445  
 In their sad minds, rise mournful, recent still,  
 When thy raging waters did their dwellings fill.  
 At Yarm their wares the wealthy farmers vend,  
 Which to our great metropolis they send.

In fair meanders TEISA next surveys 1450  
 A beauteous mansion, built by wealthy Mays.

With many a fine serpentine-like turn,  
 Clear TEISA does from hence to Barwick run,

Q

To

To Stockton next, whose fair neat fleets proclaim,  
 Clolina there does not presume to reign. 1455  
 By thee enrich'd, fair TEISA, merchants here  
 Like princes, all magnificent appear:  
 With Pallas' spirit ship-wrights are inspir'd,  
 Of her their noble art they have acquir'd.

Smooth TEISA gently glides away from hence 1460  
 To Potrach, ships of burden now advance  
 To take the loading that the keels have brought;  
 Around we see the little barges float;  
 Some busy, take away their foreign store,  
 Others, of our own produce, are bringing more: 1465  
 Like the muscular heart's velocity,  
 Where the systole and the diastole agree,  
 By fits to drive away, and to retain  
 The crimson blood, while vital pow'rs remain:  
 Th' affairs of life in equal tenor run, 1470  
 All in a circle imitate the sun.

Some houses next we see, that bear the name  
 Of Newport, but they scarce attention claim.  
 Here limpid TEISA's waters form an isle,  
 Rich, fertile, as great vivifying Nile; 1475  
 Where verdant liquorish in plenty grows,  
 Fair pectoral plant! rosy health oft flows  
 From thy sweet medical, balsamic pow'r!  
 Relieving often in the needful hour,  
 The

The faint labouring lungs, when almost spent; 1480  
 From gracious heav'n are healing simples sent.  
 While we survey the brute creation o'er,  
 (Amidst fair nature's universal store)  
 We find they choose their physic and their food;  
 Rejecting noxious herbs, they take the good: 1485  
 Such virtue in herbs did the Grecians feign,  
 That by their use youth was restor'd again;  
 This secret, friendly unto human life,  
 Was known alone to Jason's royal wife.

Now Clieveland's busy port, my Muse, we view! 1490  
 To beauteous TEISA here we bid adieu:  
 United with the sea, she forms a bay,  
 In whose wide bosom barks commodious lay:  
 Bellona has not thunder'd on this shore,  
 Its foaming surge ne'er blush'd with human gore: 1495  
 These humble barks no slaughter-ring engines know,  
 Their guards are honest tars, who freely go  
 To ransack distant earth, the stormy sea,  
 All to bring back wealth to their lov'd country.

Attempting thus, with unambitious strain, 1500  
 To please some rural Nymph, or country swain;  
 Father TEISUS rear'd his reverend head,  
 The winds to peace were hush'd, while thus he said:  
 Accept our thanks, O northern female bard!  
 Who to attempt our daughter's praise has dar'd. 1505  
 Thou

Thou, with her deathless, her immortal name!  
From oblivion has preserv'd thy fame.

Tho' letter'd bards shou'd my lov'd TEISA praise,  
In pompous verse, in learned stile and phrase;  
Yet even thus, they wou'd but copy thee; 1510  
Their song thy paraphrase would only be.

To this our best-lov'd daughter we assign'd  
The fairest empire of the wat'ry kind;  
Yet such her hapless her untoward fate,  
No bard was born her charms to celebrate! 1515  
On all the fair enamell'd banks, that see  
Her reign in peace and solemn majesty!  
Innum'rous streams do homage to her pay,  
Loft in her nobler name they glide away:  
Hast'ning to her embrace see Leven's flood, 1520  
With Skearn, that has his source 'midst sedge and mud.  
Sweet chrystal Clow's fair meand'ring rill;  
Grand Beck's liquid lasp, flowing down the hill;  
And foaming Greta, in his rocky bed,  
Who diving often hides his reverend head; 1525  
With Thor, who from a god derives his name,  
Deep-dell, that from a rock's hard entrails came;  
Little Scur, torrent like, comes rolling down,  
And Baurder, a brook of no small renown;  
Glad Eglesburn its grateful tribute pays; 1530  
Deep rapid Lune inur'd in TEISA lays:

With

With many more, too num'rous here to name,  
 Contributing to raise my TEISA's fame.  
 In the womb of futurity there lays,  
 Tho' unfledg'd, a brood of Halcyon days; 1535  
 Underneath whose snow-white auspicious wing,  
 Far distant nations shall their treasures bring;  
 TEISA's winding shore shall their faces see,  
 From the banks of the fam'd Mississippi,  
 And Saint Laurence river, shall Barks then come, 1540  
 Fraught with the produce of each warmer sun;  
 With British wares returning loaded home,  
 Nor under exuberant taxes groan:  
 Not then shall barks in Massachusetts bay,  
 The crimson flag of sanguine war display; 1545  
 Fair peace's olive shall emboss their sails,  
 Their motto, peace and liberty, prevails:  
 The fragrant, the soothing balsamic tea,  
 No more shall perish in the brackish sea.  
 From their once kind indulgent mother torn, 1550  
 The Colonies unhappy feuds shall mourn;  
 While Britain, with a mother's fond embrace,  
 Shall, from her bleeding breast, their crimes erase;  
 With a more lenitive, more gentle hand,  
 O'er her afflicted offspring bear command. 1555

This said, the wat'ry visitant again  
 Sunk down beneath the fair cerulean main:

R

On

On his prophetic words I ruminatè,  
 Until I hear the country swains relate  
 The sad mournful news of lov'd Chatham's death, 1560  
 Who for his country pray'd with his last breath !

Tumultuous war did Britain's loss foretel,  
 When in her Chatham all her grandeur fell !  
 By him her navy, in triumphant pride,  
 Did sov'reign of the seas majestic ride ! 1565  
 By him her merchants princes all became,  
 By him Britain eclips'd the Roman name.  
 Like the Augustan age, great in peace and war !  
 Her, supplicating nations fought from far ;  
 'Till her evil genius lean envy sent, 1570  
 In silent night the green-eyed monster went :  
 Cynthia, riding in meridian height,  
 At the foul wrinkl'd hag's malignant fight  
 Her silver colour chang'd, all deadly pale,  
 She hid her face beneath a crimson veil : 1575  
 In hoarse murmurs the blust'ring winds foretel  
 Those dire events that Britain soon befel !

From couch to couch the fiend the sanguine flew,  
 In honor's shape, and cries, my noble Lords will you  
 Lay supine ! deaf to honor and to fame ? 1580  
 While Pitt immortalizes his great name !  
 In the glorious annals of his country ;  
 His acts alone are guarantiz'd by me :

Arise !

Arise! with glorious emulation here,  
 Now strive to stop his insatiate career! 1585  
 A snake she then into each breast convey'd,  
 As in sweet downy sleep the nobles laid;  
 The restless reptiles broke their soft repose,  
 From this period Britain dates her woes.  
 A Peerage then rewards, for service past, 1590  
 Her Pitt, like Churchill, from the helm now cast:  
 Unhappy broils from hence infect the state,  
 While proud ambitious men predominate;  
 Like Ahab's false prophet's fortelling peace,  
 While civil discords round the throne increase. 1595

Chatham alive, Britain still hop'd to see  
 The jarring lands enjoy sweet unity.  
 Heav'n wou'd no longer spare him here below,  
 But its favourite took from scenes of woe.  
 Since strange corruption Britain's state perplex, 1600  
 His righteous soul each rising day was vex;  
 Monstrous crimes in every shape appear,  
 While peaceful peasants with the plow-share tear  
 The fallow grounds, they to the wars are prest,  
 The late useful looms amidst lumber rest, 1605  
 While their industrious own'rs, interr'd, now lay  
 In America's hospitable clay.

Like the glorious sun sinking to the main,  
 With redoubl'd splendor to arise again;

Bri-



Britain expected Chatham would arise, 1610  
 To scatter with his light her enemies;  
 But these her hopes are frustrate,  
 And she is left to struggle with her fate.

When he cou'd no more, the patriot cry'd,  
 O Camden! save my country!—and died. 1615

F I N I S

